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STAN LEE PRESENTS:

TRANSFORMATI

ONS!



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WRITER PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"...AS PREVIOUSLY INANIMATE OBJECTS CONTINUE TO EVINCE BIZARRE AND ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR."

YOU
GETTING
THIS,
RICK?

IT'S GOING IN.
BUT WITH THE INTER-
FERENCE WE'VE BEEN
EXPERIENCING ALL
OVER MANHATTAN...



"TOO BAD, YOUR ERSTWHILE BOYFRIEND'S COMING OFF AS QUITE THE HERO!"



OH, SWELL!
NOW, THE
HYDRANT
WANTS A PIECE
OF THE ACTION.

MORE
POWER THAN
BRAIN
ON THAT
SLCKER.



ICING DUDES
LIKE YOU IS
WHAT ICEMAN
DOES BEST!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
I'M SITTING HERE
TALKING TO A FIRE
HYDRANT!

THE HEAT
MUST BE
GETTING
TO ME WORSE
THAN I
THOUGHT!



TRISH, I DIDN'T
KNOW THEY'D
ASSIGNED YOU
THE MID-TOWN
BEAT...

THEY'VE GOT US ALL
OUT, THIS CITY'S A
JOURNALIST'S BONANZA.
NOT THAT WE HAVE
MUCH TO SHOW FOR IT.
NOT LIKE YOU.



YOU HANDLED THAT... CREATURE SUPERBLY, BEAST... SAVED THAT CHILD. THESE TRANSFORMATIONS ARE SO... UNSETTLING.

BEAST? AND MY OWN TRANSFORMATION...?

I... SEE.
C'MON, ICEMAN. IT'S GETTING HARD TO BREATHE AROUND HERE.

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO? I FEEL RESPONSIBLE. IT'S MY FAULT YOU'VE MUTATED LIKE THIS.

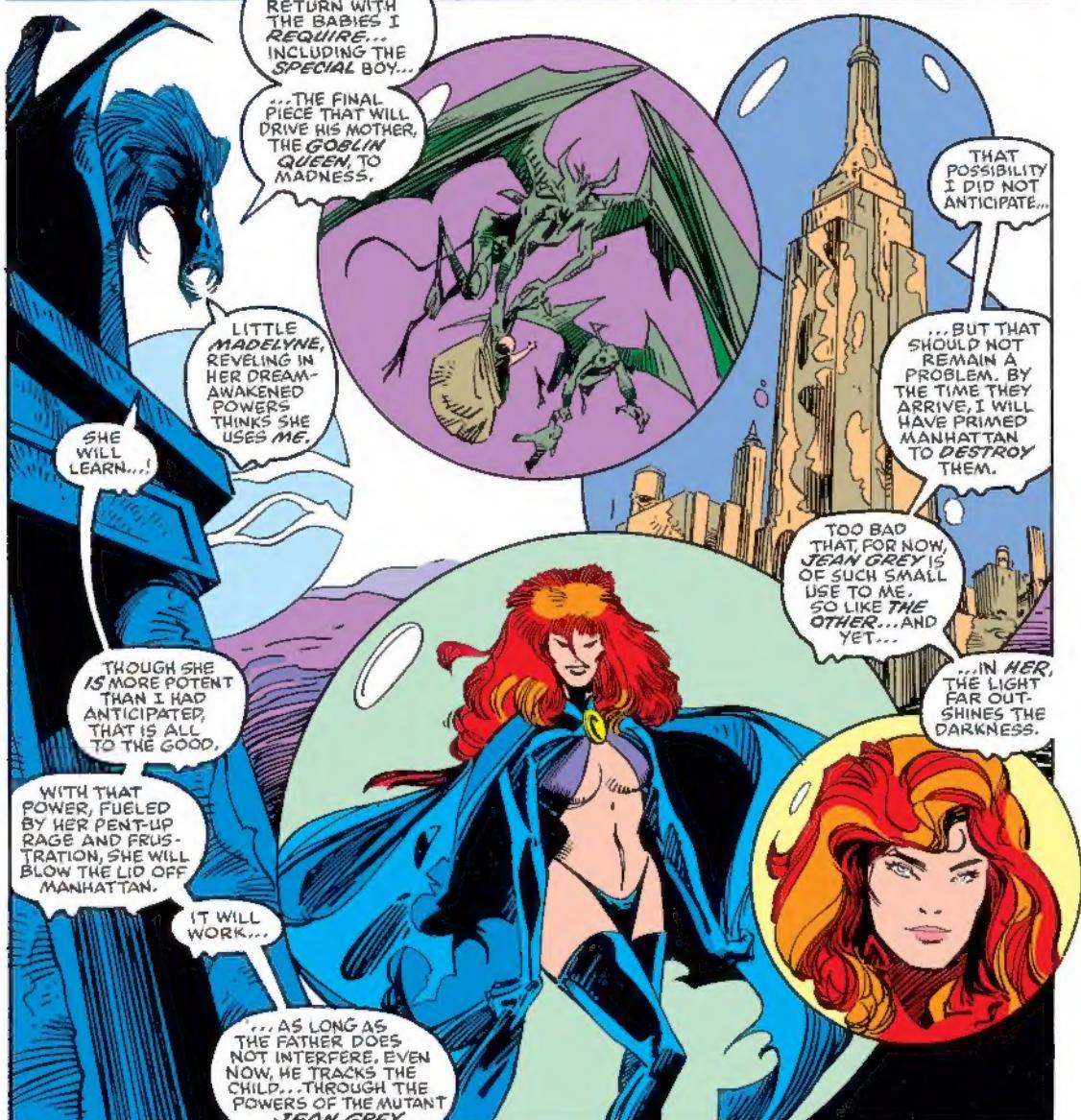
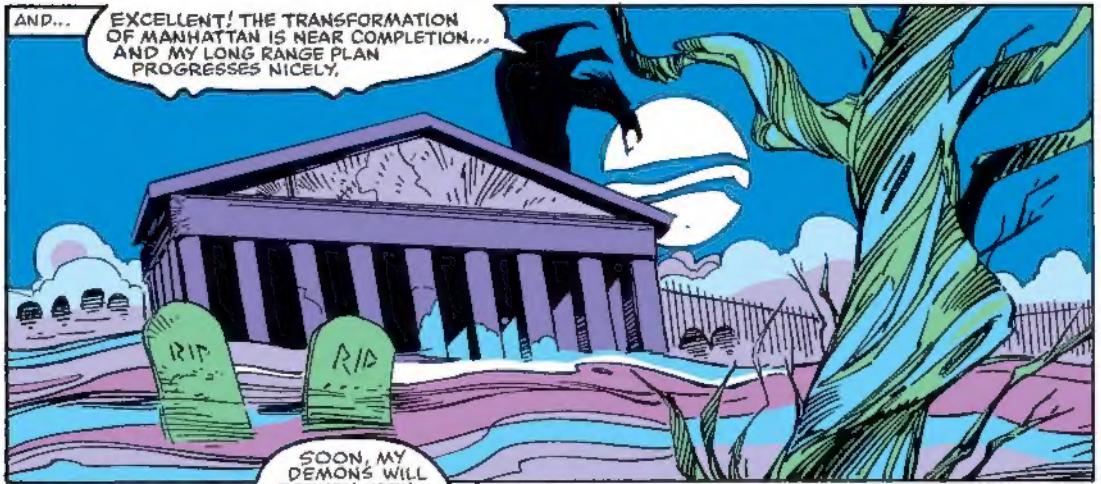
IT'S... UNSETTLING, TOO, OF COURSE. NOT JUST YOUR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, IT'S...



ANTROPOMORPHIZED SUBWAY! TRACKS RUN RIGHT BELOW. LOOK... THROUGH THE WINDOWS, IT'S PACKED WITH A RUSH-HOUR CROWD.

COME ON!

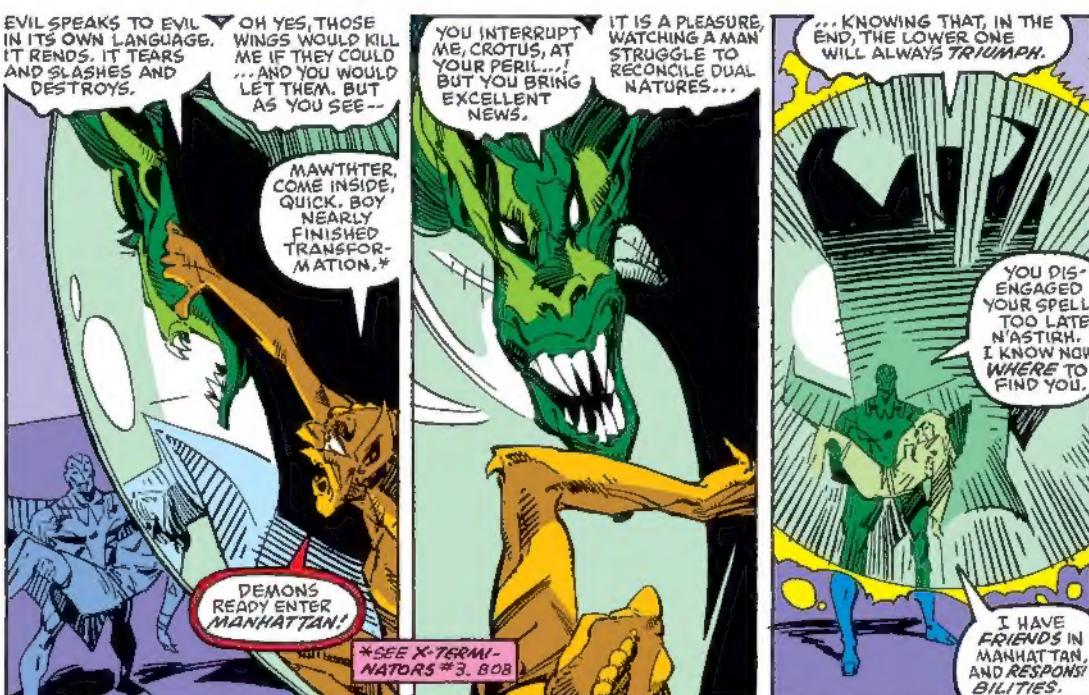
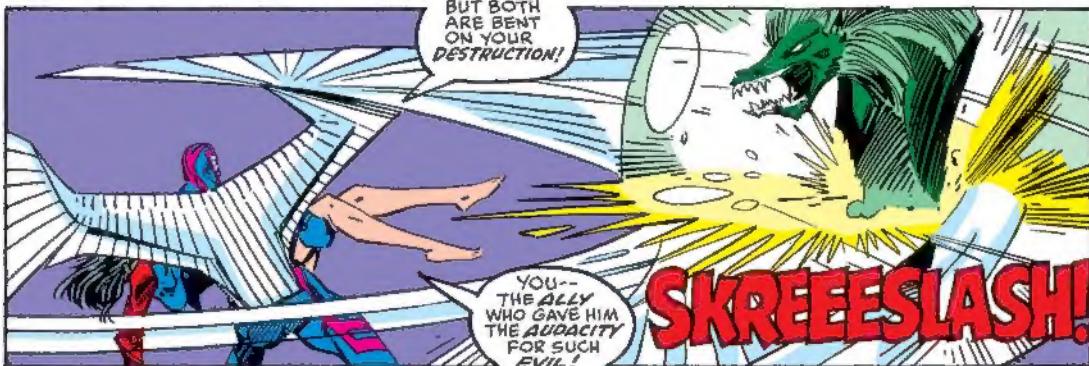






*SEE LAST ISSUE, BOB.





THE JETS ARE A MUFFLED ROAR, BUT SHE DOESN'T HEAR THEM. MANHATTAN'S OBELISKS SLASH THE SKY, BUT SHE DOESN'T SEE. FOR JEAN GREY'S NORMAL PERCEPTIONS ARE CLOUDED BY A RE-EMERGING SIXTH SENSE...



GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY!

JEAN... WHAT'S THE MATTER? LET ME HELP YOU!

OR TO YOU--?

THIS... IS YOUR FAULT, YOUR DOING, YOU MARRIED THAT WOMAN. WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MARRY HER?

AND, AFTER LONG MONTHS OF LIVING IN A MUFFLED WORLD OF MERELY PHYSICAL PHENOMENA, SHE SEES, HEARS, FEELS, TASTES, SMELLS... NOT JUST HER OWN SURROUNDINGS, BUT THE PSYCHIC REALITY EXPERIENCED BY SCOTT SUMMERS'S INFANT SON...



DEMONS... CLAWING AT ME... WANTS TO EAT ME... NO! MASTER WOULDN'T LIKE IT... NO! GET AWAY!

CHRISTOPHER! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?

ALIVE, SCOTT... OKAY...

... BUT OH, I'M SCARED... THEIR CLAWS... IT HURTS... I'M SCARED!

PULL BACK, JEAN. BACK INSIDE YOURSELF. THE BABY'S FRIGHTENED, NOT YOU.



HAVE TO... STAY WITH HIM. HAVE TO FOLLOW --ACH!

LISTEN TO ME! YOU CAN STAY IN TELEPATHIC RAPPORT WITHOUT LETTING IT OVERWHELM YOU! YOU USED TO KNOW HOW.

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, OR YOU'LL BE NO USE TO HIM.



THE BABY... CHRISTOPHER HE'S YOURS... AND HERS,

SWEET... HELP... LESS LITTLE BABY... PERFECT... CRYING... SCARED... HAVE TO SAVE HIM...

...WHAT'S HE DOING INSIDE MY HEAD?

NEW YORK CITY'S SUBWAY SYSTEM IS THE BIGGEST, FASTEST, SMELLIEST, NOISIEST, MOST-CROWDED, DOWN AND DIRTIEST NETWORK OF TRAINS AND TUNNELS IN THE WORLD.

BUT THAT'S WHAT NEW YORK IS ALL ABOUT. THE BEST AND THE WORST, AND RIGHT NOW, ITS WORST IS THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES...

EXCELLENT! A PLATFORM AREA! INSIDE, MY FRIEND, WHILE WE HAVE THE ROOM!

EEEKK! MONSTERS!

MONSTERS? YOU WOUND ME! WE'RE LOCAL CELEBRITIES! HEROES!

YOU MUST HAVE SEEN US ON TV!

HEROES, HUH? THEN WHY ARE YOU DUDES CLIMBIN' IN HERE?

WHY...WE'RE SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS!

ICEMAN! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

YEAH. RIGHT. LOOK, TRISH. WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN YOU AND HANK? THIS HARDLY SEEMS THE TIME...

IT MAY BE THE ONLY TIME WE'LL HAVE.

THINGS ARE BAD OUT THERE. THERE ARE MONSTERS IN THE TUNNELS WORSE THAN THIS!

ALL RIGHT! ABOUT HANK, JUST...TRY AND UNDERSTAND, OKAY? THE HANK I KNEW... WELL, HE WAS SPECIAL. HANDSOME, GENTLE, AND VULNERABLE... IF NOT TOO BRIGHT.

I'M GLAD HE'S RECOVERED... EVEN IN THIS STATE...

THE BEAST IS A STRONG, COCKY GENIUS WITH FUR AND FANGS AND A GLIB RAP.

...BUT I DON'T KNOW HIM ANY MORE. HE DOESN'T NEED ME. HE... FRIGHTENS ME.

DON'T LET HANK'S PATTER FOOL YOU, TRISH. INSIDE, HE'S THE SAME GREAT GUY HE EVER WAS...

...AND RIGHT NOW, I THINK HE NEEDS YOU MORE THAN EVER.

THE ASSAULT OF TELEPATHIC IMAGES COMES IN WAVES. FIRST A GENTLE WASH OF IMPRESSIONS, THEN A MOUNTING RIPTIDE THAT KNOCKS AND DRAGS HER FROM HER SENSES, GASPING AND STRUGGLING FOR POOTING WHERE THERE IS NO SOLID GROUND.

AND AS SHE FIGHTS FOR CONTROL, SHE WONDERS... HOW CAN THIS BE...? HE'S JUST A BABY, HOW CAN THIS BE...?

IT'S BETTER... FOR THE MOMENT. GOT TO STAY ON TOP OF IT NEXT TIME.

I USED TO BE A FULL TELEPATH, SCOTT. I LEARNED HOW TO HANDLE THESE IMPRESSIONS. SO WHY CAN'T I DO IT NOW?

IT'S STARTED AGAIN. HE'S DOWN THERE, IN THE CITY, SOMEWHERE.

I'M... HE'S SO SCARED. NO, I'M SCARED, TOO.

NO! OH, SCOTT, I CAN'T FEEL HIM, ANYMORE.

HE'S MADELYNE'S CHILD. YOUR CHILD. AND YET--

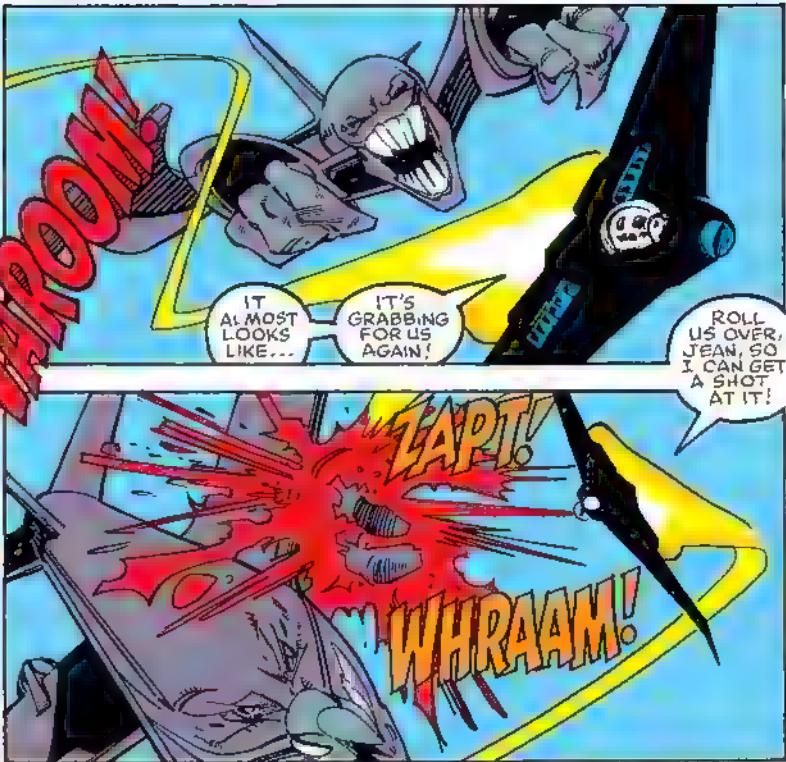
AS WE REACHED THE CITY, I JUST... LOST HIM.

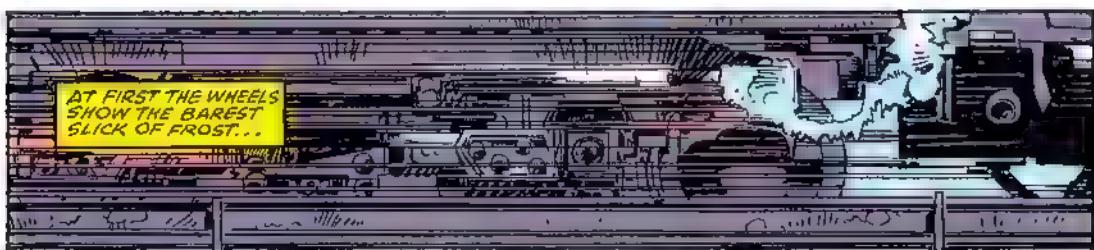
I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SUCH A RELIEF... TO HAVE MY MIND BACK... BUT IT'S NOT!

I'VE NEVER FELT SO ALONE!

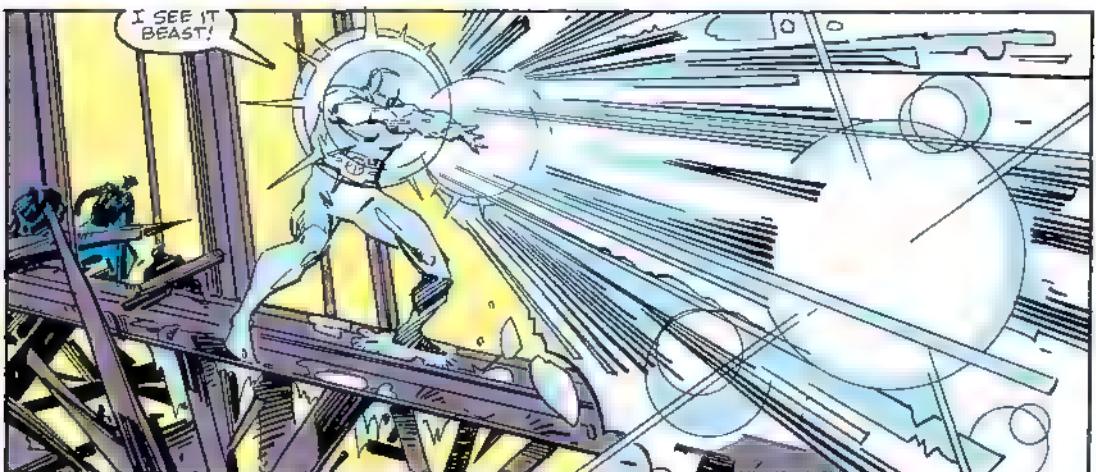
KRUNCH!

NO!



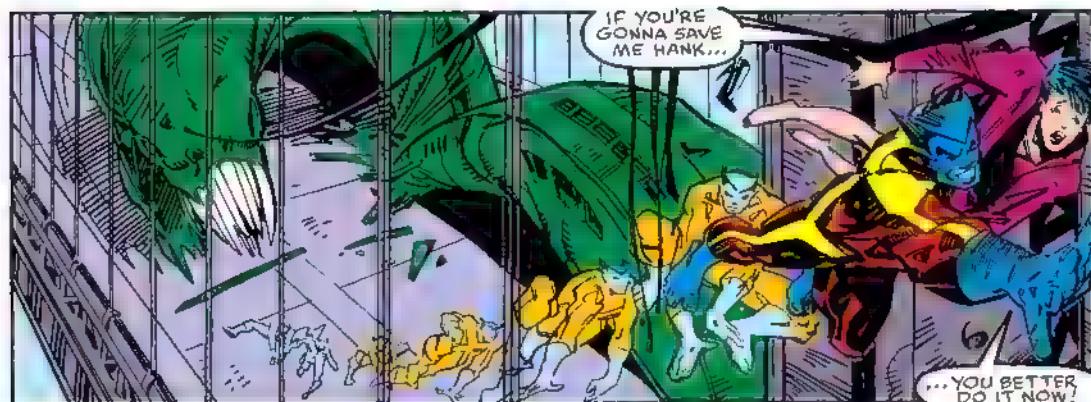












MANHATTAN IS A CHANGELING CITY. THE SHIP IS A SILVER BULLET AIMED STRAIGHT AT ITS MONSTROUS HEART.

A SILVER BULLET THAT CAN STOP THE MONSTER BUT ONLY IF IT ARRIVES IN TIME...

IT'S MADDENING, SCOTT. I CAN'T PICK UP ANYTHING FROM CHRISTOPHER ... ANYTHING AT--

WAIT. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE. NOT THE BABY. ENERGY...

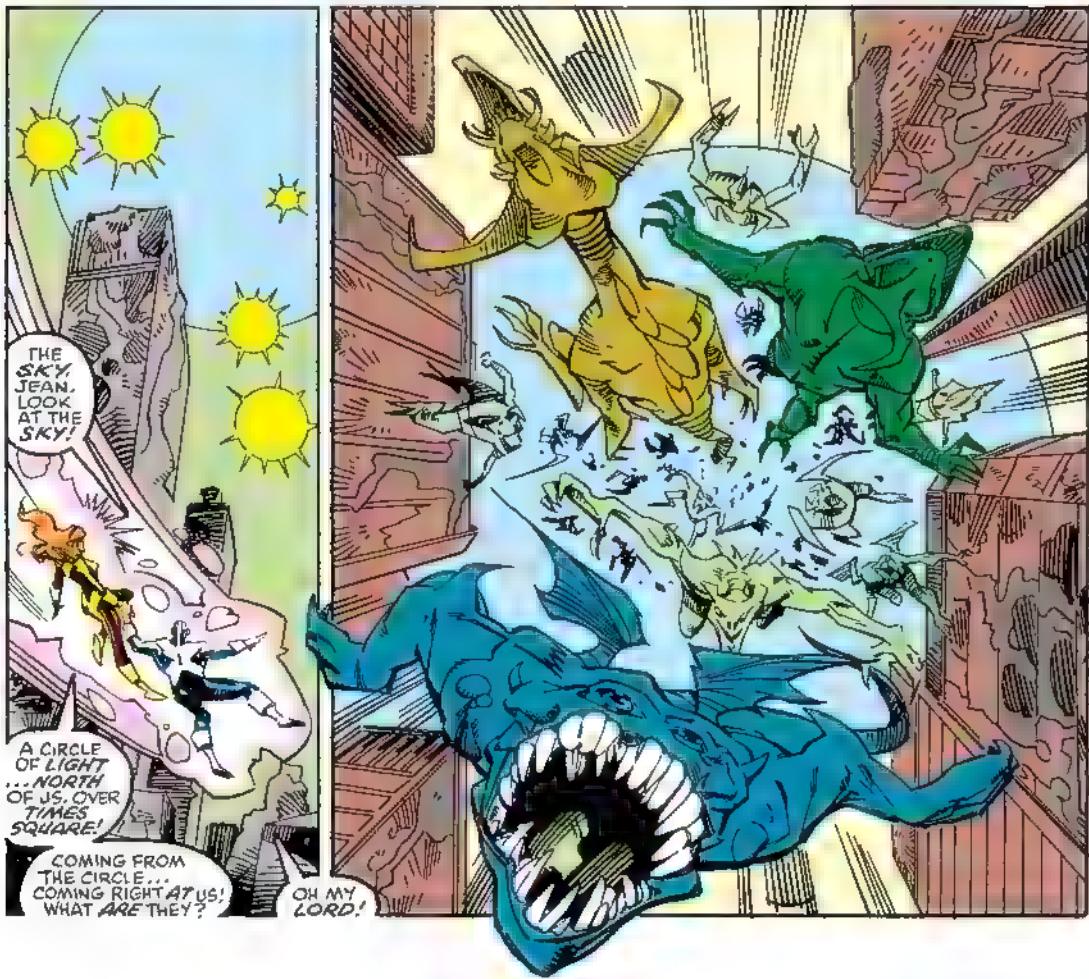
WHAT THE HECK? EVERY INSTRUMENT ON THE SHIP JUST SHORTED OUT!

LIGHTNING! WE'VE BEEN HIT!

LOOK, SCOTT! A STAR!

WHAT THE--?

*CURRENT ISSUES OF NEW MUTANTS AND X-TERMINATORS HAVE FURTHER DETAILS. BOB.



WHILE BLOCKS AWAY, ON THE EAST RIVER...



WELCOME TO THE S.S. CIRCLE LINE!

LISTEN, BEAST, I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CHANCE TO READ THE PAPERS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS...

...BUT HAS ANYONE SCHEDULED A MAJOR FIREWORK DISPLAY FOR THIS EVENING?



SO WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?

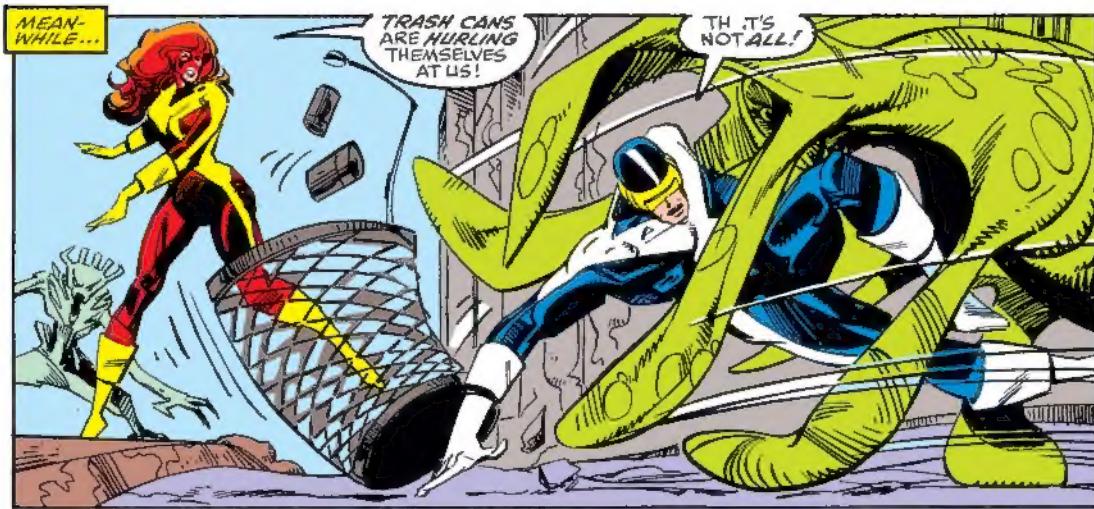
TRISH--?

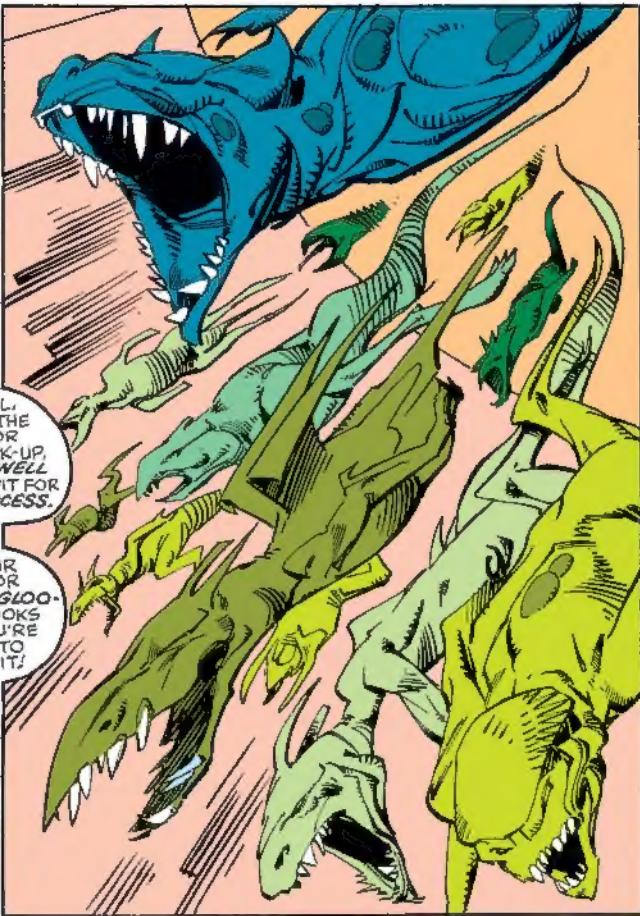
TRISH, I... NOT ONE CRACK OR FLIP REMARK. JUST GO. ONLY... TRY NOT TO GET YOURSELF KILLED THIS TIME, OKAY?



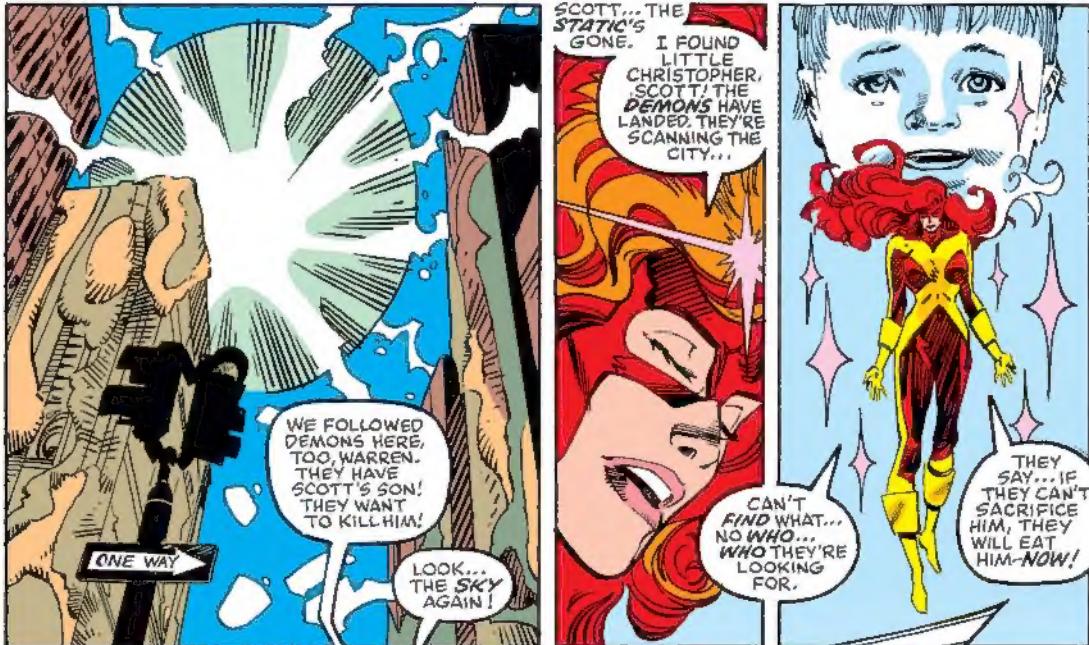
YOU'RE NOT THE HANK I KNEW... BUT YOU'RE A GUY I'D LIKE TO KNOW A WHOLE LOT BETTER.











N'ASTIRH, THE GOBLIN QUEEN.
MR. SINISTER, X-FACTOR.
WHO'LL GET THE BABY...?

FIND OUT... IN
A MATTER OF HONOR!

ON SALE IN 30!